get my wife into corners.

Ieſ. Nay, you neede not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out; he tels me flatly, there's no mercy for me in heauen, becauſe I am a Iewes daughter: and he ſayes you are no good mẽber of the Common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of Porke.

Lor. I ſhall anſwere that better to the Common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negros belly; the Moore's with childe by you *Lancelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore ſhould be more then reaſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhee is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Lor. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turne into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none onely but Parrats. Go in ſirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done ſir, they haue all ſtomackes.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit-ſnapper are you: then bid thẽ prepare dinner.

Clo. That's done too ſir, onely couer is the word.

Lor. Will you couer than ſir?

Clo. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhewe the whole wealth of thy witte in an inſtant? I pray thee vnderſtand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: Goe to thy Fellowes, bid them couer the table, ſerue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

Clo. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſeru'd in, for the meate ſir it ſhall be couered, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humors and conceits ſhall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Lor. O deere diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An army of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſie word
Defie the matter: how far'ſt thou *Ieſſica*?

And

And now good ſweet ſay
How doſt thou like the L
Ieſ. Paſt all expreſſing
The Lord *Baſſanio* liue an
For hauing ſuch a bleſſin
He findes th e ioyes of he
And if on earth he doe nc
In reaſon he ſhould neue
Why, if two Gods ſhoul
And on the wager lay tw
And *Portia* one: there mu
Pawn'd with the other;
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Euen ſuch a husb
As ſhe is for wife.
Ieſ. Nay, but aske my
Lor. I will anon, firſt l
Ieſ. Nay, let me praiſ
Lor. No prethee, let i
Then howſoere thou ſpe
I ſhall diſgeſt it.
Ieſ. Well, ile ſet you fo

Enter the Duke, the

Duke. What, is *Antho*
An. Ready, ſo pleaſe y
Duke. I am ſorry for th
A ſtony aduerſary, an inh
Vncapeable of pitty, voi
From any dram of mercy.
An. I haue heard,
Your Grace hath tane gr
To qualifie his rigorous
But ſince he ſtands obdur